

The Life and Death of the Famous THOMAS STUKELY:
*An English Gallant in time of Queen Elizabeth, who ended his Life in a Battle
 three Kings of Barbary. Tune is, King Henry's going to Bulloign, &c.*



IN the West of England,
 born there was, I understand,
 a famous Gallant was he in his days,
 By birth, a wealthy Clothier's son,
 Deeds of wonders he hath done,
 to purchase him a long and lasting praise.
 If I would tell his story,
 Pride was all his glory,
 and *Lusty Stukely*, he was call'd in Court,
 He serv'd a Bishop in the west,
 And did accompany the best,
 maintaining of himself to gallant sort.
 Being thus esteemed,
 And every where well deemed,
 he gain'd the favour of a *London Dame*,
 Daughter to an Alderman,
Curtis she was called then,
 to whom a suitor gallantly he came,
 When she his person spyed,
 He could not be denyed,
 so brave a Gentleman he was to see;
 She was quickly made his wife,
 In weal or woe to lead her life;
 her Father willing; thereto did agree;

Thus in state and leasure,
 Full many days they measure,
 till cruel Death with his regardless spight,
 Bore old *Curtis* to the grave,
 A thing that *Stukely* wisht to have,
 that he might revel all in gold so bright.
 He was no sooner tombed,
 but *Stukely* he presumed,
 to spend a hundred pound a day in waste;
 The greatest Gallants in the land
 Had *Stukely's* purse at their command,
 thus merrily the time away he past.
 Taverns and Ordinaries,
 Were his chief braveries,
 golden angels there flew up and down;
 Ryots were his best delight,
 With stately feasting day and night,
 in Court and City thus he won renown.
 Thus wasting lands and living,
 By this lawless giving,
 at length he sold the pavements of the yard,
 which cover'd were with blocks of tin,
 Old *Curtis* left the same to him,
 which he consumed lately as you have heard,

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Whereat his wife sore grieved,
Desiring to be relieved,

'Make much of me dear husband, she did say.

'I'll make much more of thee (said he)

'Than any one shall verily,

'I'll sell thy cloaths, and so I'll go my way.

Truly thus hard hearted

Away from her he parted,

and travell'd into *Italy* with speed;

There he flourish'd many a day,

In his silks and rich array,

and did the pleasures of a Lady feed.

It was the Lady's pleasure,

To give him goods and treasure;

for to maintain him in great pomp and fame;

At last came news assuredly,

Of a fought battel in *Barbary*,

and he would valiantly go see the same.

Many a Noble Gallant

Sold both land and talent

to follow *Stukely* in his famous fight;

Whereas three Kings in person would

Adventurously with courage bold,

within this battel shew themselves in fight,

Stukely, and his followers all

Of the King of *Portugal*,

had entertainment like to Gentlemen;

The King affected *Stukely* so,

That he his Secrets all did know,

and bore his royal standard now and then.

Upon this day of honour,

Each man did shew his banner,

Morocco, and the King of *Barbary*:

Portugal, and all his train,

Bravely glittering on the plain,

and gave the onset there most valiantly.

The Cannons they rebounded,

Thundring Guns relounded,

Kill, kill, then was all the Souldiers cry,

Mangled men lay on the ground,

And with blood the earth was drown'd,

the Sun likewise was darkned in the Sky.

Heaven was so displeased,

And would not be appeased,

but tokens of God's wrath did show,

That he was angry at this war,

He sent a fearful blazing star,

whereby the Kings might their misfortunes know.

Bloody was the slaughter,

Or rather wilful murder,

where sixscore thousand fighting men were slain:

Three Kings within this Battle dy'd,

with forty Dukes and Earls beside,

the like will never more be fought again.

With woful arms infolding,

Stukely stood beholding

this bloody sacrifice of Souls that day:

He singing said, 'I woful wight,

'Against my Conscience here do fight,

'and brought my followers unto decay.

Being thus molested

And with grief oppressed,

those brave *Italians* that did sell their lands,

With *Stukely* for to Travel forth,

And venture life for little worth,

upon him all did lay their murdering hands.

Unto death thus wounded

His heart with sorrow wounded:

and to them thus he made his heavy moan,

Thus have I lost my Country dear,

To be so vilely murdered here.

'e'en in this place where as I am not known:

My Wife I have much wronged

Of what to her belonged,

I vainly spent in idle course of life;

What I have had is past I see,

And bringeth nought but grief to me,

therefore grant me pardon gentle Wife:

Life I see consumeth,

And death I see presumeth,

to change this life of mine into a new:

Yet this my greatest comfort brings,

I liv'd and dy'd in love of Kings:

and so brave *Stukely* bids the world adieu.

Stukely's life thus ended,

Was after death befriended,

and like a Souldier buried gallantly:

Where now there stands upon the Grave,

A stately Temple builded brave,

with Golden Turrets piercing to the Sky.